

The Western Scot

Vol. 1.

BRAMSHOTT, HANTS, MAY 31, 1916.

No. 33

RUBBERS OF A RUBBERNECK IN THE WESTERN SCOTS.

How I love réveillé, particularly on days when we have to pack up all our belongings and move to another camp! I always get a pair of shoes left over after my kit bags are full. On this particular occasion it was my rubbers that caused all the trouble. Now, I had drawn those rubbers at a dear old spot called The Willows; and, while I have never worn them—and, for that matter, never expect to wear them—still I had a great fondness for them, seeing they had accompanied me all the way across Canada and the Atlantic. They might have saved my life had H.M. Transport 2810 ever been submarined, as I had rigged up a sail and two oars to go along with them. But I almost had to leave them behind when we moved from Bordon to Bramshott. The transports, however, were obliging enough to take our blankets, so I disguised them as an extra blanket, and over they went inside a waterproof sheet.

Men will tell you how sweet it is to walk along the country lanes, breathing deeply the sweet odours of the spring. We breathed deeply, true, but 'twas the dust of many feet and many A.S.C. motors. The colonel must have had a glorious inspiration when he halted us for lunch and let us rinse the dust from our systems.

Bramshott Camp looked all right to weary bodies till they led me, protesting, to a sickly looking tent and told me it was my new home. In vain I searched for a floor. Naught could I see but scraggy tree stumps. However, we spread our waterproof sheets and blankets, stuck our kit bags under our heads and wooed Morpheus. Morpheus, unfortunately, was not "having any." Having wound my weary limbs successfully around one stump, a tender portion of my anatomy promptly found another one, and, trying to escape that, other tender portions found yet other stumps. We certainly all enjoyed hearing the other fellows swear. We were assured it would be all right next time. It's wonderful what sympathy some of these officers have for you. Next night arrived, and nothing else but a little rain. Our tent had no ditch around, and the water was friendly and insisted on visiting us. We told it we were not "at home," but it would come in, and it would be friendly, delicately wrapping itself around our limbs and enveloping us in its chilly embrace. And then I had the inspiration—my rubbers! At last I was able to use them. Carefully I roped them together and tested their floating abilities. Joy of joys! they did not sink. I placed all my belongings in the left one, crawled into the right one, and at last I slept, warm, comfortable and happy.

A.A.C.

JEWELLERS



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The Western Scot.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY
IN THE INTERESTS OF

THE 67th PIONEER BATTALION "WESTERN SCOTS," OF CANADA,

4th Canadian Division, B.E.F.

(By kind permission of Lt.-Col. Lorne Ross, C.O.)

Office of Publication: Orderly Room.

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C. L. ARMSTRONG, Lieut....	...	Editor.
A. A. GRAY, Lieut.	Assistant Editor.
Sergeant R. L. CONDY	Business Manager.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31st, 1916.

IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS.

Whilst it has, from the beginning, been assumed that no officer or man in the King's uniform would permit himself to be indiscreet in the dissemination of military information, the general knowledge of which might be valuable to the enemy, the headquarters authorities recently issued special notification placing all ranks now in training on their honour in this respect and warning them against mentioning in letters or in conversation even the most trivial matters respecting military affairs.

From time to time henceforward it is likely that we all will become aware of more or less important facts affecting the movement of troops, etc. What appears to us a very harmless conveyance of news to those at home may quite readily, by unexpected channels, reach a quarter where it will be used to our own and our comrades' disadvantage.

The safe way is to say *nothing to anyone* about military movements of any kind. We trust that the 67th will never be guilty, anyway.

We have had the good fortune to meet the gentlemen at the head of the editorial and business staff of "Fall In." This excellent paper is very thoroughly what it professes to be, "A magazine produced by soldiers for soldiers." We have made arrangements to have a copy sent to our reading room, and members of this battalion will find it very interesting reading. The editor has kindly promised to give us an article shortly for our paper on the aims and doings of "The Brotherhood of Khaki," an institution which is doing great things for soldiers.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM.

May the 23rd saw our long-expected move from Bordon to Bramshott. We had grown to like Bordon very much, and in many ways were sorry to leave, but the all-important fact remains that every move we make brings us a little nearer to the final one for which we have been preparing since September last year.

We enjoyed the march over, not least the long interval for lunch. Some of us also enjoyed the refreshment purveyed at a charming country hostelry—at least, we did until the house went dry.

Our Orderly Room is not quite so commodious as it was at Bordon, but we have now got settled down to business in the same old way, and being so close to headquarters has many advantages.

The best often comes last. Four Orderly Room Sergeants brought up the rear of the column on the march over.

Frank Slavin had the pleasure of being on the bill at the Oxford at the same time as Marie Lloyd. Some una-"Lloyd" pleasure for Frank!

Do the authorities consider it fair to treat our wives and assignees of pay as they are doing? Every mail brings the same story, "No separation allowance since you left." We can do without the talk about our "patriotism and duty to our country," if our country will do its duty in return.

The last issue of the "Hants Journal," Windsor, Nova Scotia, contained an interesting short article on the doings and experiences of our "Paddy" en route to Halifax. The information given by the paper states that he has lost the collar which was purchased for him by "The Draft" of sacred memory. "Paddy," on last news, was in the safe hands of Mr. J. P. Graham at Windsor, but we hope he will soon be with us again.

We are sorry to lose "Fitz" from the Orderly Room staff, but he would insist on getting a rifle on his shoulder once more. Good luck to you, boy!

One of the boys received a letter from Victoria the other day expressing sympathy with the battalion on being quarantined at Bordon on account of scarlet fever. How *do* they start these rumours?

We had a bunch of thumb tacks at our original headquarters in Victoria, corner of Fort Linden. With us they moved to the Willows, where they adorned walls and tables. We took them down, and they were used on boat and train, then at Bordon, and now at Bramshott. Not all the originals are left, but we are carefully preserving the remainder to take to France, some to stick into "Bill" and some to pin up his death warrant with.

Why is it that if by any mischance we run out of anything every company and detail promptly runs out of the same thing on the same day?

We have all drawn rifles in the Orderly Room, and are now prepared for any emergency.

Several of our friends in the 72nd have paid us visits—and vice versa—during the past week. It's like old times to see them all again, and we hope we shall be side by side with them in the strenuous days to come.

He said "Gor bli'me" and 'e calls 'isself a hoffer! Who did?

B.S.M. 'Aines 'as returned from command. 'Ooray!

Those of us who repose in tents did a little kicking the first night—the ground *was* hard—but now that we have got some home comforts we like our little nook and wouldn't change it for any of the huts—not even the cubicked mansion of Sergeant-Majors.

FRY'S

Pure Breakfast Cocoa and Chocolate

OFFICERS' MESS.

Few more pleasant evenings have been spent in the officers' mess than when we entertained Brigadier-General Lord Brooke, C.M.G., M.V.O., commander of the 12th Brigade, to dinner at Bordon.

His lordship, who was accompanied by Major Johnnie Foulkes, of Victoria, and Captain George Sparks, of Ottawa, proved himself a charming man, and laughed and chaffed his way into the hearts of all. There was nothing of the ponderous "brass hat" about General Brooke, who entered into the spirit of the occasion. To add to the gaiety of the occasion Major Foulkes and Captain Sparks were at their best, which is nuf said, Captain Sparks saw that all the officers were introduced to the General, and if, as happened on occasion, he introduced an officer more than once—the writer was presented five time—Lord Brooke overlooked his too zealous efforts. Before dinner the pipe band played its now famous Retreat and received high praise from one who ought to be in a position to differentiate between good and bad. The brass band never sounded better than when playing during and after dinner, and also received its meed of praise.

WHAT THE OFFICERS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

- What was in the Cedar Cup the other evening.
- When Captain Okell is going to get married.
- Where Drummer Plump was on guard mount the day after we beat the 47th.
- When our kilts will be here.
- Why so many men have dying relations just now.
- How the Padre got measles.
- Who Sergt. Smith was with in Guildford the other day.
- Where the name Stronk originated.
- Why the Bandmaster needs to go to London so often for music.
- How many bears Major Carey has shot.
- How to defend a bridge with 30 men.
- Why the Padre doesn't wear kilts.
- Why the Paymaster does wear kilts.
- Why Major Harbottle's batman always goes in the Bordon direction to exercise the Major's horse.
- How many persons in the battalion have seen our Medical Officer in kilts.
- If it is possible for the Medical Officer and a certain subaltern in "C" Company to appear in Highland garb at the same time.

PIPE BAUN KRAICHS.

Our projected trip to London in the "smowk" is all up a tree.

There have been rumours, hints and direct references to some men of this battalion who haunted the neighbourhood of Headley, but there must really be something or someone there, for the attractions of Headley seem to be infecting the "artistic élite" of the regiment, to wit—(censored).

Mr. Gray, of No 1. Company, following an old custom in Scots regiments, has put his hand in his pocket by way of expressing satisfaction with his platoon piper, and Geordie Leslie will sport a nice sporran as a consequence.

Look out! Our drummers are developing a few phenomenal beats.

The air in this district seems to induce sleep very quickly. Just a few nights before leaving Bordon one piper stuck his head out at the window for a breath of fresh air and fell asleep on the window sill. The quarantine picket had quite a time locating the sawmill solo sung by the somnolent snake charmer on the first flat of No. 112.

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Oh, yes, we did notice that epic on the theme of pipe music in last edition of the Scot. It's sad the things a man will publish when he is hard up for news and has a costermonger's knowledge of piping. Surely the poet in question must be a Londoner. We can only judge by symptoms. You'll notice the quotation was not original, a sure symptom. Of course, this kind of thing turns up every now and again in our midst, in the form of a Rip Van Winkle brand of mouldy jokes (?).

[We'll be good, Cruiluath Mach; honestly no offence was meant: the "epic" in question was inserted by our proof reader, who—owing to the hurried move from Bordon—was not a member of the battalion. We are sure that he thought more of the testimony to the honorable age of the pipes than of the poet's apparent dislike of this form of music.

Moreover you're right in your conjecture that we were short of news—you see we figured on a six-page edition and we ran to eight. So have a heart and don't be too severe.

By the way, it's a wonder to us that the Brass Band has any wind left to play their instruments when you have finished "punching" them. Some of our readers are liable to think that the members of the two bands are at daggers drawn instead of the best of friends as we know you really are!

Still no bones are broken and—by gosh and by gar—we are ready as a battalion to parade anywhere and before any critics behind our two bands.—ED.]

For the benefit of Simon MacAulay of the Brass Band be it said that we are particular with whom we play football, but are prepared to bet that five pipers and five drummers would like to use an odd dozen brass bandsmen on Saturday forenoons. As a rule we mop

out the shack on Saturdays. Pat thinks MacAulay would make the best mop because he is always absorbent and dries up quickly. If the medical officer were to send a stretcher bearer to supervise the work, there would be some mopping.

The Brass Band is rash with its challenges.

It will be many a long day before the Pipe Baun needs the guard to help it to make a showing, and while the same "baun" may look like a musical deformity to the symmetrical ideas of its richly endowed partner in crime, still it can't be said that when we "move house" some of our players are sent ahead to wait for the rest of us near the finish. Every one of the pipers and drummers playing in the baun is there with the goods so long as a single man in the battalion is prepared to keep going.

An accommodating soldier, with a desire to err on the safe side, recently addressed the pipe major as "Sir," and narrowly escaped having his headlight shattered.

Duncan Campbell and Geordie Allan are going to London this week-end. The information was given to us by Geordie himself, along with the remark—"Don't say anything about me going there." It is hoped that the short stay in London won't spoil the complexion of our baby piper.

Colin, the one and only, was having an argument with Brown on the first night of our stay at Bramshott. We had just gone to bed in the straw which filled our hut. Brown had the odds in his favour most of the way, for the Campbell family history figured largely in the conversation until Colin delivered his "coup de grace," with the remark "Oh, well, I'm chust ass good ass you are, seeing we're both in a — hay barn now."

Colin is resourceful.

In the days of his guileless youth, before he learned such tricks as confiscating beer in the Canada Grill, he was some sort of factotum on a steamer plying around the Clyde. The mate at the wheel, with all of a mate's love for steering, gave the job to Colin, and went below. After a little the skipper mounted to the bridge and found Colin steering, and the steamer following a track like a communicating trench.

Colin was talked to in a severe, fatherly way, was ordered off the bridge, and told to send one of the other fellows to the wheel. This was adding insult to injury, so Colin hungered for revenge. He left the bridge and stood underneath it. After quite a while the mate found him there.

"Who's at the wheel, Colin?"

"A damn good man," said Colin, as he moved away towards safety.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Gray, who was Orderly Officer the first night we were in our new quarters here. He happened to put an ear to the door of our shack, and confided to the pipe major that some piper was going through the Bible from Genesis to Revelations.

Dyod aye, min, it wis an awfu' nicht fin we flittit ower tae this place an' fun' we hid tae byde in a byre. The hoose wis fair stappit wi' strae. We thocht if they saw the strae they wid cut doon the raushins, an' a' body wis ready tae lowe for neeps fin denner time cam', bit we're gettin' gey gweed kin' o' met noo, an' the strae's a' oot o' the hoose. Logie hid tae get a freen' tae tak' some o' the strae aff'n him i' the mornin'. He cwidna rax far aneuch 'imsel'.

CRUNLUATH MACH.

ATHLETICS.

We cull the following, which we heartily endorse:—
"PLAYING THE GAME."

Every good soldier is a good sportsman, and every good sportsman makes a first-class soldier.

Playing the game comes natural to the sportsman; it is part and parcel of his creed, and wise C.O.'s have ever done their best to encourage the men under their command in the pursuit of manly games.—*From FALL IN, May 20, 1916.*

If we were all as enthusiastic in sport as our Colonel we would be on top in every branch of athletics.

The Sports Committee of the Battalion is being thoroughly reorganised. Perhaps some new blood will do no harm.

Lieut. Meredith has been appointed to organise a cricket team.

Sergt. Fenton is training his boxers for the coming 47th bouts.

It is hoped all ball players will give Pte. Wallack every assistance possible, because as yet our team is not what it ought to be.

Who is going to take charge of the runners?

An out-door basket-ball court is being constructed. It is the intention that each platoon will have a team and a regular schedule played.

Since arrival in England our soccer team, of which we are all justly proud, has been kept pretty busy. They brought with them the Peden Cup, tucked neatly away in their vest pocket, emblematic of the Championship of Vancouver Island, and up to date have kept up their reputation in good style, having been beaten only once, that our first game on the first Saturday of our arrival in the tight little island, when the South African Scottish waltzed away victors by a margin of one goal. Since then the team has been kept constantly busy, some of their notable victories being against the 3rd South Africans, the 75th Canadians, and 47th Canadians.

The latter match was played on Saturday, the 20th, at Bordon Camp, and proved to be about the hardest tussle we have yet encountered and incidentally a splendid exhibition of Association football. The 47th came to us with a reputation of which any team might justly be proud, having been unbeaten for eighteen months; but it appeared to be decreed that, on meeting the "Western Scots," it was their turn to bite the dust. Still, it was a good game, and the score of 1—0 fairly represents the evenness of the two teams. We hope a return match will be arranged soon, as it will be well worth seeing.

An enjoyable little séance was held by the football team at Bordon after its victorious tilt with the 47th Batt. Major Harbottle was the originator of the idea of getting the team together for the evening, and many of our own officers, in addition to those of the South Africans and 75th Canadians, enjoyed the party. Corporal Fairnie, the efficient messman, wore a happy smile, and said that he had never had a better evening's business.

Captain Macdonell has his tug-of-war artistes out for at least half-an-hour's practice "every day."

Captain Okell has been delegated to go to London to buy lacrosse sticks and material, so the national game of Canada is not being lost sight of.

It is with pleasure we announce the active work being done by the Y.M.C.A. in an athletic way. Sergt. Stan Young has things well in hand, obtaining supplies such as baseballs, bats, footballs, basket-balls, etc. We'll soon be going strong in all summer games.

The match with the 46th on Friday, the 26th, was



Field-Marshal H.I.M. the Czar of Russia, K.G., etc.,
Hon. Colonel-in-Chief the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys).

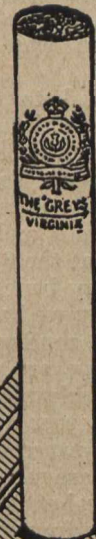
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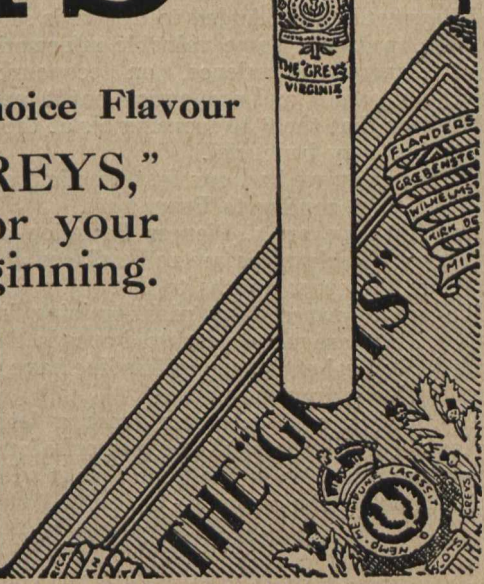
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very disappointing from our point of view. Our rivals emerged victorious by a score of 2 to 1. We played against the sun in the first half, when all the scoring was done. The loss of the match was entirely due to lack of condition of our men. The 46th were on the ball all the time, followed up hard, and were triers all the way. Our men, however, were very slack and had no ginger after the first fifteen minutes, with perhaps the exception of the last five minutes, when they made a futile burst which was easily enough repelled. Shearman at centre was slow; Capt. Okell seemed right off colour; Lumsden never seemed to wake up—in fact, the only men to uphold their reputations were Ord, Nicholls and Allen. Of course, it is easy to criticise, but we hope that the lesson the team should have learned will bear fruit. Training must be methodical and regular. Celebrations after wins are all very well, but won't help condition. Inter-company games should be encouraged and talent spotted, encouraged, and developed. Let the men in the Battalion eleven appreciate that they must work to keep their places, and a difference will soon be observed. It is to be hoped the members of the team will take criticism in the proper way, and aspire to better things, and first of all get into condition.

THE CANDID CRITIC.

"A" COMPANY NOTES.

Does matrimony tend to increase the joyous outlook on life? A difficult question to answer this. One of our able correspondents, under pressure, gives us the celibate's point of view thusly:

"In my youthful innocence I used to think that matrimony was the be-all and end-all of existence, but lately, alas, my ideals have been badly shaken. My youthful friend Pete Secundus got entangled in this web of matrimony, and settled down to be a sober-living soldier. Time passed, and in the course of events we crossed the Herring Pond. Alas and alack! My youthful friend changes the scheme of his personality. Whereas he used to be the silent knight of the cubicle, now he becomes the rollicking roysterer of No. 3 Platoon, ever lifting high his voice in song and merriness! But what must a poor celibate outcast think of it all? Do the songs of joy celebrate the parting or presage the future meeting?"

Well, we don't know. Perhaps some experienced Benedict will advise our perplexed friend.

The canteen was opened for business on Friday evening.

We are glad to welcome Sergt. Gammond back amongst us, as a duly qualified instructor of gymnastics and bayonet work. Added to this he is said to be in a position to impart some valuable information, derived from personal experience, on economical railway travelling, passes, and economical outfit replenishing.

We hear that the 6-30 morning air at the sick parade is proving very beneficial.

On Saturday we had our first practical experience as pioneers since coming to Bramshott.

Now that we are a Pioneer Battalion and the tin-smiths and blacksmiths are to be placed at their trade, what are the other Smiths to do?

We are informed that night-training is shortly to start. There are many perplexed ones in this company. Their individual efforts along this line have, in the past, been distinctly frowned upon.

The following is extracted from a letter recently picked up, and is inserted here, not only for its interesting nature, but also in the hope that it will lead to its reclamation by the owner:—

"MY DEAR NELLIE,—As you can see by the above address, we have moved from our old quarters to new ones. Orders to move arrived, and amid a whirl of hurry and scurry we gathered and packed our belongings, the transport conveying them to our new resting place. For ourselves we paraded and marched off, headed by our gallant pipers, resplendent in belts and shoulder straps of shining brown leather, heavily mounted with glistening metal sufficient to start a silversmith or hardware store. But really the braw pipers played splendidly, having even compelled some of our Englishmen to a grudging smile of toleration. So away we stepped, through the deep shady country lanes, and over the gorse-covered moorland, past nestling cottage and hidden manor house. Half way we were given a rest of a couple of hours. A nearby hotel was left high and dry in about half an hour, anything liquid being utilised for washing down the dry rations every man was provided with before starting, consisting of bully beef sandwiches, and good ones, too. Resuming our march, another three miles brought us to our new camp. This is situated on a plateau, an ideal spot for a military encampment. You asked me about the kilts. Some of the officers have them already, and we are terribly anxious to see two of them especially, one being our beloved paymaster and the other a certain platoon commander of our company. The first is built on fine, slender lines, the latter being of generous proportions. The contrast should be striking. Another whose appearance will be eagerly watched for is a sergeant whose build is like that of an ice-breaker, sort of undercut. The pipers wear spats. A feckless southerner explains this on the score that Scotchmen, having big feet, use the spats to cover them up. Also he states that with big feet one gets a firm grip of the ground, and as a Scot gets a firm grip on anything he can get hold of, etc., etc., etc. I'll send you a photo as soon as we are kilted. Must go now. If only you were here, my (censored)."

"B" COMPANY NOTES.

While regretting the absence of our able O.C. we are glad to see that he is convalescing after his recent painful accident. Best wishes to you, Major, for a speedy and complete recovery.

PLAYING THE GAME.

We received too late for inclusion in our last issue a letter from Major Meredith-Jones thanking the members of the Battalion for the sympathy expressed through the medium of this paper. The following extract will show that the gallant major has been well treated. We are glad, but we are sure that, could they be consulted, his nurses would be as loud in praise of their patient as is he of the treatment meted out to him:—

"I freely endorse the remarks *re* the great kindness of the officers of the Battalion to whom we had the good fortune to be attached. Since I have been lying in hospital I have received constant visits from officers of the 44th, who have cheered my long hours, brought me tobacco to soothe the pain of torn muscles and tendons, and many acts of kindness, which means that they play the game which leads to good fellowship and brotherly help.

"The poor nursing sisters, in spite of assistance from V.A.D.'s, have a pretty hard time of it, but in spite of being fagged out they are always the same—smiling, a cheery word, and consideration itself. Playing the game all the time. Go into the scullery after meals and you will find a couple of convalescent Tommies washing up for the sisters. It is their way of trying

to show their gratitude—in fact, playing the game as they see it.—Sincerely yours, H. MEREDITH-JONES, Major.”

“Bramshott Hospital, 21/5/16.”

“ C ” COMPANY NOTES.

An enjoyable break to our everyday routine was given us a week ago, when the Battalion went out for a Sports Day. An excellent spot was located, about four miles from Bordon Camp. In the afternoon a series of sporting events were pulled off—boxing, tug-of-war, football and base-ball being the main events. Great credit is due to the two bands for their part in the day's outing. Although “ C ” Co. was only represented by one officer, two non-coms, and two privates, they figured largely and prominently on the programme. Another day out soon, please!

We are all sorry to have left Bordon. Our quarters there were as comfortable and convenient as any we have had yet.

Heard at a recent examination: C.O.: “What would you do if the enemy threw out a line of skirmishers?” Nervous Platoon Commander: “Er—throw it back again, sir.”

Would anyone present Pte. Deacon with a post-card album? He has received several cards from his niece (?) lately, and he is very anxious to keep them in the best possible condition.

We all enjoy our physical “jerks.” For graceful shapes and poses, Pte. Porter is one of the best—especially in the “on the hands down.”

For a comparison in colours one should take notice of Pte. Goodman. Since the arrival of hot weather this is more in evidence, and a certain part of his cranium resembles nothing better than a newly-hatched duckling. ‘Nuf said.

We are all wondering why “lights out” is still sounded. Is it only ancient custom, or is it also a part of “The Daylight Saving Bill”?

Are the 75th in England, or is it only a camp rumour? According to our genial manager, Pte. Wallach, a baseball game has been twice arranged with them, but on both occasions they were conspicuous by their absence. After our team had walked at least five miles last Thursday in an effort to locate them, even our “deahard” manager gave them up as the “lost Battalion.”

“ D ” COMPANY NOTES.

Daylight saving may be all right for some people, but for soldiers it is daylight robbery having to go to bed before sunset.

Shorty Roberts was absent at tattoo the other night. Said he mistook lights out for retreat. And thereby hangs a “bitter” tale.

No. 15 Platoon regrets the unavoidable absence, through illness, of Pte. Soucie, as they were all up in the air over that famous flying machine. Ask Geo. Edwards about it.

“ D ” Company generally will notice the improvement in the service of the mess orderlies, owing to Pte. G. Edwards having inaugurated his famous quick service, as performed “On the Road to Montreal.”

Problem: How to provide for 65 fatigues with 56 men. See “ D ” Company orderly sergeant.

Sick parade, 6.30 a.m. Sure, shortage of sick soldiers. This is a cruel war. The price of beer went up 33½ per cent. in half-an-hour, when “ C ” and “ D ” Companies arrived at the Passfield (we nearly said Royal Oak) on their way to Bramshott.

We think the reason of the increased price was due to the wicked way those “Carryboozers” of “ C ” Company lapped up the “Joy Juice.”

We had a real Zebra parade on Friday last. Every man was striped.

Extract from Battalion Orders: Next for duty “ D ” Company.

We hope it won't be long before the cook-house is able to supply us with hot water to wash the mess tins after meals. Cleanliness is essential to good health, so let's get the grease off.

No more corns on our carcasses now the paliasses are here.

Date, 26/5/16: “ D ” Company Duty Company.

Scene: Battalion morning parade.

O.C. “ D ” Company: Company number.

Result: One, two, three, four, five, six.

Pte. Marshall, 16 Platoon's famous athlete, has gone to the ranges to mark. We trust he will not break any targets while using his muscular strength and speed, for which he is well noted.

We extend our congratulations—with a dash of sympathy—to Corporals Grant and Grothe, on their accession to the ranks of the two-strippers. “Welcome to the ranks of company orderly sergeants.”

THE MAN IN THE BUTTS.

What is “ G.C.M. ”?—Same as “ C.B. ” only worse! A ricochet is a small sandstorm so directed as to strike the back of the human neck.

How does a man face starvation?—With a signalling disc in one hand and a paste brush in the other.

What are three bulls, an inner, and a maggie worth?—Depends on how much was “ up ”!

What are the two major classifications of General Course candidates from the standpoint of the marker?—Target-wreckers and munition-workers.

Why is it called “ musketry ” instead of “ rifletry ”? Because many of the scores would indicate that muskets were being used.

What does a firer say when all his shots go to the Zeppelins?—(deleted by the Censor).

What does the marker say?—“Thank the Lord; I won't have to patch up!”

S.B. SECTION.

On the whole our impression of Bramshott is not altogether unfavourable. We might insist on a few slight improvements, such, for instance, as floors, spring mattresses, more blankets, with steam heat in the tents

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at night and a few cheap chippendale articles of furniture, also more courses, and a plate of icecream added to our lunch; and—for the benefit of the Battalion as a whole—a jitney service to Liphook and Hazlemere, to be free, say, for the twelve days preceding pay day! However, we refrain from pressing these points. In fact, so far are we from encouraging any extra outlay, that we are practising the most rigid economy in our medical arrangements. Our M.O. actually sleeps among his drugs and papers—and wakes up among his patients. Oh! You ante-breakfast sick parade! We have been developing that most valuable bump to a first-aid man, the bump of improvising to a remarkable degree. Tables, chairs, utensils, etc., etc., are being improvised as required. Even the Sick Parades have caught the infection—thank goodness, it does not call for quarantine—and have become quite adept at improvising ailments.

Well, to come back to Bramshott and plain English, we think we could not have a more healthfully situated, bracing summer camp.

MILITARY BAND.

Who is the N.C.O. in the Band who is continually crying out for "Dorothy" during his disturbed slumbers?

It is said "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Such being the case, we attach hereto for publication a short "ode" to that fair lady "Margarine"—all rights reserved.

We are glad to know that the N.Y.D. attached to Bandsman A. P. Gaiger's sick report has changed to W.K.N. He is in Frensham Hospital suffering from rheumatism, and is progressing favourably. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

Vide "Paragraphs from the Orderly Room" of May 17, concerning the men of this Battalion and the Bordon variety of the fair sex: "We, the young and good-looking men of the Band, want to know why and

how the 'old, tried and true' bandsmen manage to corral all the young ones and leave us to carry home the washing."

Six and seven might make thirteen, but we fail to see how our genial Sergt. Cook figures out twelve peas and one spud to be a square meal for a hungry bandsman!

SCOUT AND SNIPER SECTION.

As is usually the case when something has to be done for which a reliable body of men is required, the Scouts and Snipers were detailed to do the marking for the 51st and 53rd Battalions during their musketry course at Longmoor. The 64 N.C.O.'s and men who form the section were not sufficient for the purpose, so four officers and the necessary number of other ranks were detailed from the different companies to make up the number of the marking party to a total strength of ninety of all ranks, the whole being under the command of the Scout Officer, Lieut. Marsden.

Some of the men thought it a pity that we should be taken away from the physical jerks and the smart, staccato commands of Physical Instructors C.S.M. Duffet and Sergeants Clark and Craddock. Anyone, however, who thought he would suffer from lack of exercise during this marking proposition was very quickly disabused. Packing No. 1 first-class targets around and working the frames up and down during a snap-shooting practice is quite a strenuous job; in fact, some of the boys say they have brought muscles into play not previously discovered even whilst under the supervision of the physical instructors aforementioned in these notes.

The whole marking party got down to the job on hand from the very start, and on the second day Lieut. Marsden was personally complimented by the Musketry Staff Officer on the showing of his men. The next afternoon a distinguished General was on the firing point, and expressed admiration at the way the marking was done.

Scout "Shorty" Smith distinguished himself as Lieut. Marsden's "galloper." On reporting a telephone message once to the O.C., he said: "I could not quite get what they sent. It was either 'The Brigadier-General is coming down' or 'There is a dog on the parapet.'" One of the "hits" of the course was a procession from one end of the butts to the other, Lieut. Marsden leading, long Boscowitz in the centre carrying the flag aloft, and "Shorty" Smith bringing up the rear.

Scout W. K. Gardner is evidently philosophically inclined. There was a mix-up over rations the first day we were here, and he was heard to remark: "Well, there's one thing I like about this place: a fellow don't have to wash his mess tin."

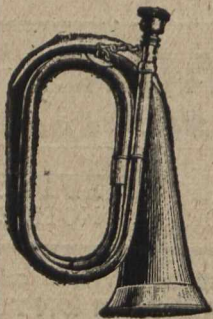
During our stay at Longmoor we have found the 51st and 53rd Battalions to be a good bunch of fellows—quite the nicest regiments we have so far met with. As we are brigaded with the first-named, we shall have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with them when, in our capacity as pioneers, we "dig them in" in France.

When Mr. Richard Merritt, Dominion Road, Victoria, who is too old to go into khaki, was thrown out of employment, he went to work without wages to fix up lawns and flower gardens for wounded Tommies, at the Esquimalt Convalescent Home. He wants to do his bit.

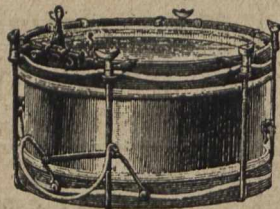


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GOOD GRAVY.

From the Cook-house.

This is the life, with a fine up-to-date kitchen and mess-room and all kinds of good food. Now it's up to the company officers to see that we get some up-to-date mess orderlies and waiters. A corporal in charge of each company mess would be the first step in the right direction.

* * * *

How about a good lecture on Economy? "Now is the time." Battalion Sergeant Cook will be only too pleased to furnish some facts.

* * * *

Scene: Willows Main Gate. Time, 1 a.m.
(A Reminiscence.)

A Cook with a P.P. meets a Lance Jack who overlooked getting late leave, but did not overlook any Scotch.

Lance Jack: "I shay, Cook, old chap, how am I going to get by the Guard?"

Cook (well known by Guard), when asked to turn in their passes, calls out: "Cooks."

Lance Jack (after he is safe in the fold): "Very good of you, don't yer know, to help me in like that; but beastly degrading to be called a cook. Eh, what?"

* * * *

The Battalion Sergeant Cook is wondering whose Will his sergeant, Bob Turner, will have to straighten out the next time he goes to London on a week-end. However, he brought back proof that he had been in this country before: "A photo of the girl he left behind"; and she is the image of her dad.

The Cooks are back from the Aldershot School of Cookery. Talk about making fancy dishes out of bully-beef! They've got Mexican athletes backed off the map when it comes to slinging the beef! Nevertheless, that short holiday at Aldershot has done them good.

* * * *

Who put the double O in Cook?
Corporal Cook calls for two double O's. Nuf sed!

* * * *

We are wondering how Sir Halibut, the Chef of the Sergeants' Mess and famous lady-killer, takes his medicine. He spied a fair young damsel in the distance, and straightway his face beamed like the ad. on the "Rising Sun" Polish tin. On arriving within hailing distance, he made a grand salaam. His reception was disconcerting: "Gawn! b— well hop it!"

This did not dampen his ardour. A nurse approached wheeling a pram. Sir Halibut approached cautiously, and addressed the baby in the carriage thusly: "Hello, baby! How's nurse?"

Once again behold our fair knight was bowled out with this reply: "None the better for your awsking!"

We are wondering if there is any truth in the old saw: "Nobody loves a fat man."

Phone 89

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FLASHES FROM THE SIGNAL SECTION.

We have had an increase in the family this week—all boys.

Our new additions have come in intensely keen to learn the high signs of "wig-wagging." There is so much enthusiasm that you might even call some of them "wags" already. Possibly the sergeant will supply the "wiggling," and so complete the circuit.

We are informed that semaphore is not required of our Signal Section. Be that as it may, a very fair sample of it is to be observed when Physical Instructor Kennet puts us through the exhilarating motions of his physics.

We are going through another chrysalis stage in the game of war, being under canvas for the first time as a section.

To those who reside in brick houses, huts, or other palatial residences, it might not be amiss to state that the regulation Army bell tent is a happy combination of the cellar and the attic without the fatigue of descending or climbing the stairs. Being most of us novices at the game, we are at present like the farmers in the haying season—praying for the rain to hold off.

One veteran of our section, who had countless experiences in the S.A. campaign, tells us with a paternal air that in those days sometimes twenty-four men slept in a bell tent—I believe he said "without a murmur." We find eight enough and three over. If you don't believe me ask Big Ben; he will gladly tell you—without a murmur.

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The 11th C.M.R. are recruiting 10 men a day.

All units in training in Victoria took part in a great military tournament at the Willows on Empire Day.

The *Colonist* of April 28 contains an interesting diary of our voyage across by Private E. Litchfield, of the 67th.

Lieut. Leo Buchanan, well-known lawyer of Vancouver and to whom Mr. Gray, of our Battalion, was formerly articed, has been killed in action.

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THE POETS' CORNER.

TWA PIPERS.

As I walked down the Strand one day,
I heard two bonnie pipers play.
They played so well that I could see
Quite full of spirits they must be.
Now, neither had his pipes, and so
They trolled a merry tooralo.
And, as I followed the happy pair,
They disappeared in Leicester Square.
The night came down, the lights went out,
And put Dame Grundy quite to rout.
* * * *

What happened to our pipers twain
You can't expect me to explain!

C. LELAND.

TO MY LOVE, "MARGARINE."

(By C.H., 67th Military Band.)

Oh, Margarine, I love you,
There is no other one,
That makes me feel so happy
And forget awhile the "Hun."
I love your Leing graceful
In sliding on my plate.
And Tickler's jam and bully beef
I'm learning now to hate—
My rifle you keep glistening,
And on my boots you shine,
Your beaming presence cheers us all—
Except at dinner-time.

Oh, Margarine, don't leave us,
Stay with us to the last,
And when the shots are flying
About our trench so fast,
We'll think of what we're fighting for
Our King and country—sure!
But also for our Margarine,
So sweet—so clean—so pure.

Miss Paine has sent a copy of the following excellent little poem to her friend Pte. T. R., of "C" Company. It appeared in "Answers" and appeals to us:—

BROTHER O' MINE.

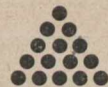
Brother o' mine, on the grim field of battle,
Fighting for honour and all that is true,
Heedless of danger, of cold and privation—
We in the Homeland are thinking of you.

Brother o' mine—these same stars shine o'er you.
This wind caresses your fair curly hair;
Would it could whisper a message of comfort
To you keeping vigil 'midst Death over there.

Brother o' mine—in our gay, laughing childhood,
We roamed the green meadows, and bent to the oar,
You with your strength were the leader—I followed,
Would I could follow you now to the war.

Brother o' mine—whether tending the wounded,
Or in the trenches 'midst shrapnel and shell,
I know you'll be British, and never will falter,
In doing your duty, and doing it well.

Brother o' mine—you're a Soldier and hero,
Risking your splendid young life without fear,
With ever a bright cheery word for your comrades,
Brother o' mine—we all long for you here.



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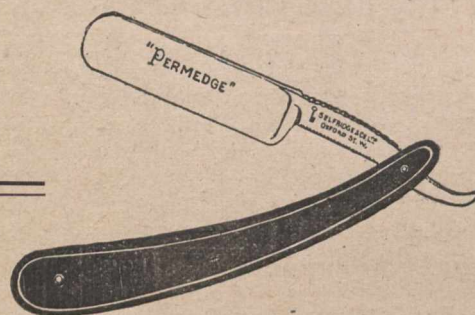
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